The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many ſimples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt ſecrets, all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans diſtreſſe, ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Newes Madam, the Britiſh powers are marching hetherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them, ô deare Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes inſite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet foorth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter's the better Soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſters letter to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on a ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloceſters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
All hearts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pitty of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to deſcrie the ſtrength of the Army.

Stew. I muſt needs after him with my Letters.

Reg. Our troope ſets foorth to morrow, ſtay with vs,